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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LII. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 4, 1904. NUMBER 23

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—Edward Howard Griggs,
in "A Book of Meditations."

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UNITY

VOLUME LII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1904. NUMBER 23

And now it is London that is being agitated by an ordinance looking to the confiscation of all hats decorated with song birds.

It is said that Mr. Carnegie is afraid of churches, and refuses all benefactions to interests affiliated thereto. But here comes one of his "free libraries," a long list of which he has given to his own beloved Scotland, that refuses the books of Emerson, Stopford Brooke and Goldwin Smith, tendered then as a gift by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. The books barely escaped a bonfire in the back yard. Surely there are some churches which would administer Mr. Carnegie's benefactions with a more open mind and cordial heart than this.

Professor Coe, of the Northwestern University, speaks in the *Congregationalist* of "the present emergency in moral and religious education." He calls attention to the discovered fallacy of the American people in thinking that intelligence, rather than character, is the proper outcome of education. He notes that "there is less family instruction in religion and morals, less deliberate assumption of responsibility for family discipline than heretofore, consequently the child, both in school and at home, fails to receive the religious instruction he needs. He hails, then, the Religious Education Association as "a voice crying to all earnest persons to prepare the way for a revival of religious and moral education."

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a (mayor's) crown" in these days, as the chief executive of Chicago has good reason to know. We sympathized with the Mayor when the coroner's verdict held him legally responsible for the disaster of the Iroquois Theater, for reasons already carefully set forth in this paper. The laxity in office was a part of that greater laxity of the community, and the Mayor was caught in a predicament which might have caught any of his predecessors during the history of Chicago. But when the Mayor, as in a recent interview, undertakes to shift his moral responsibility by referring to the theater disaster as "the result of fate, or rather a combination of fatalities," he forfeits the sympathies of good citizens by a fatalism that outdoes the stoicism of Islam itself. The fire, instead of being the result of a "combination of fatalities," was demonstrably the result of a combination of delinquencies as definite and palpable as can be imagined. And the blame should not be centered on any one head because so many have been convicted beyond a doubt of blame-worthiness.

The movement to save the big trees of the Calaveras in California as a national park seems well under way. If the present owner persists in holding an unreasonable speculative price on these wonderful groves, the Department of the Interior is taking steps to secure the condemnation of the same for public uses. We hope that this wholesome precedent can be established, and that it will be utilized not only by the nation but by states, counties and townships, before it is too late. Let the bits of primeval forests that remain be saved for the common life of the public in the future. The Indiana State University at Bloomington has recently come into possession of such a rare forest. Two or three years ago we visited a hundred acres of magnificent trees, undesecrated by the ax, located within a few miles of New Harmony, Indiana, and the County was trying to secure its perpetuation, but private ownership was in the way. Not long ago we were interested in a few acres of original oaks in a picturesque section of Wisconsin, which is well nigh denuded of its original forests. A few hundred dollars might have secured it for the town as a perpetual object lesson in botany and all the attendant studies to the school children of coming generations. But that beautiful grove has all been converted into railroad ties and cordwood. Parks are not for the city alone, but for everybody. If country people expect to hold their own young people in and for the country, they must rejoice in and magnify their own possessions, not weaken their own and their children's lives by pining after the unsatisfying and transitory charms of the city which they are too prone to ape.

There are some hopeful indications that the work of evangelizing Chicago east of State Street may yet be undertaken. The desire to save Chicago west of State Street has become quite popular. Where there are not the ethical courage, social sagacity and inherent love of man, like that displayed at the Hull House and the Chicago Commons to take up the work, fashion offers its inducements. It has become quite the fad to be interested in settlement work in slum districts. This is a duty which the assumed proper and entirely safe residents of the east side owe to the wretched west side. But last Sunday morning Dr. Gunsaulus preached a sermon on "Rich Men's Sons," wherein he offered the social heresy that "it seems easier to go to perdition in a dress suit than in a sack coat." He said he had known young men to be "strangled to death by a necktie." "Society," he said, "as organized today, swallows many a young man into an early grave, and the young man is unfortunate who comes into the city and gets into a wealthy crowd. In the sixteen years I have lived among you I have gone to

the graves of young men with wealthy fathers who themselves have dug the graves for the sons. The United States government can never be strong until fathers give to this country boys that have been governed." And Dr. Stone, Rector of the fashionable St. James' Episcopal Church, not only said that the sons of wealthy men were handicapped, but that "most of the rich and socially influential people in Chicago are Pagans, who go to no church, spend Sunday in self-indulgence; they relieve no distress; they make no effort by example or by word to bring into the city the power that can cleanse and save it."

UNITY offers its most gracious salute to Representative Brownlow of Tennessee and to Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, who are pressing a bill providing for an appropriation of twenty-four million dollars by the national government toward the building of good wagon roads in this country. The bill is soon to come up for action before Congress, and deserves prompt enactment. The government spends on an average of thirty million dollars a year for what it calls "river and harbor improvements." It has made extravagant appropriations to aid private corporations in the construction of railroads, all of which may be well. But it has been well said, "the farmer is the backbone of the country. It is he who feeds the entire population"; and he is left to do this with only muddy, sandy, rocky roads between his home and his market. The United States boasts of being the best rail-roaded country on the globe. At the same time it stands confessed as the nation with the poorest wagon roads in the civilized world. It is confessedly the financial problem of the government, how to keep down the surplus in the treasury. For this reason it is reckless in its appropriations to the building of war ships, the experimentation and exploitation of various engines of destruction. It has established rural deliveries, and has fostered a thousand things less fundamental than the common highways. The Brownlow bill proposes to distribute the twenty-four million dollars among the several states, according to their population, providing that no state receive less than the minimum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. These states receive the appropriation only on the condition of their raising a similar sum. Presumably, the states will provide for further county co-operation on the same line. It is estimated that this will secure in "the course of three years the construction of from six to seven thousand miles of model roads in the United States, from one to five hundred miles per state. Anyone who has driven a distance of sixty or one hundred miles in any of the middle western states will recall the oft-repeated advice of the "old settler," to drive many miles out of the way if need be in order to get on the "old territorial road which goes straight through, and is the best worked road." These "territorial roads" represent the earliest enterprise of the national government in the way of internal improvements, and along these arterial lines, more than along the river banks, were these states organized. These national roads made their history become possible. Representative Brownlow appeals primarily to the farmer public as supporters of his bill, but this is a movement that appeals to the urban as well as to the rural citizen. It ought to be powerfully backed by the cyclists, the mobilists, and the increasing number of humbler and less aggressive urbanites who plan for their annual recreation along country roadsides. We hope readers of UNITY will send to Hon. Walter B. Brownlow, Washington, D. C., for copies of his bill and other printed matter, and then use the same. Let the nation get down to primary work and teach its citizens how to build good roads. This is Biblical internal improvement. It is obeying the behest of the old prophet who exclaimed, "Make straight a highway through the desert."

The American Bible Society.

The American Bible Society is in distress. Indeed we are told that it has come to a "crisis" in its financial affairs, and unless speedy relief is offered, commercial disaster will overtake it. The donations fell off fifty thousand dollars last year, and the announcement is made that the permanent trust funds of the society, which amount to upwards of five hundred thousand dollars, yield an income only sufficient to carry on its present work a few weeks. In this emergency a "National Appeal" lies before us, signed by the President and the only living ex-president of the United States, by members of the supreme court of the United States, members of the cabinet, and other "eminent public men from all sections of the country," as the heading of the bill puts it. These "eminent public men" proceed to tell us that this society for nearly eighty-eight years has been "circulating the Bible, without note or comment, in this and all lands," notwithstanding the fact, obvious to all scholars, that the often misleading headlines in its versions, its absurd Usher's chronology exhibited on every page, its insistence on the antiquated and confessedly imperfect King James translation, and its determined antagonism to all better versions is in its very nature a powerful antagonist to the study of the Bible "without note or comment." These "eminent men" assert that "the social fabric of modern states has no surer foundation than the Bible, which rests upon the moral character and educated judgment of the individual." Granted, for argument's sake. But they, probably unconsciously, assume that somehow the perpetuation of this society is identical with the establishment and perpetuation of this "social foundation." They further assume that "the debt we owe the Bible" can at least be partly paid by helping this society, conservative in its theology, but perhaps extravagant in its methods, to pay its debts. In view of their tremendous preoccupation in other directions it can hardly be assumed that these twenty "eminent public men" could have looked into the affairs of this society, but is it not fair to say that the President of the United States, et al., should not *lend* their names to such an appeal as this until they had at least looked into the facts that seem to justify the charges which so eminent a divine, speaking from so impartial a standpoint and from what may be called an "inside" point of view as the Rev. Philip S. Moxom, Pastor of

the Congregational Church of Springfield, Mass., published in the *Springfield Republican* of January 11? In this article Dr. Moxom tells us that this society has four executive officers, each of whom receives a salary of five thousand dollars, which is probably more than is paid for the executive officers of any missionary society in the land; that the total expenses of administration, taken from its last official report, amount to $50,468.00, while the total collection from all the churches was $39,825.00. Or, in other words, that the administration expenses alone exceeded by $10,643.00 all contributions from living donors. In Massachusetts alone, its agent absorbed in his own salary several hundred dollars more than the whole contribution of the Massachusetts churches to the society. Dr. Moxom does not hesitate at least to investigate its foreign administration with the result which makes the statement of one of the secretaries that the American Bible Society "is the only means by which the foreign missions can procure Bibles and Testaments for their work," seem to him somewhat ridiculous. Dr. Moxom does not hesitate to say further:

"For more than twenty years, I am informed, there have not been in the annual report any statements of the value of the real estate owned by the society in the City of New York, and supposd to be worth about a million dollars; or of the value of the property, if any, owned by this society in foreign lands, or of the books or stock on hand. The assets of the society, it appears, amount to more than two million dollars. The statement that such a society is not rich (report 1903, page 29) and 'is in need of large contributions,' is surely to be taken in a Pickwickian sense."

We are not in a position to judge upon the questions at issue as presented by Dr. Moxom, but we are prepared to say that Theodore Roosevelt, Grover Cleveland and their associates, in the nature of the case, are not likely to be in a position to give as close a scrutiny or to have as discriminating an estimate of the affairs of the American Bible Society as Dr. Moxom, and we are in a position to protest against the unscholarly and untimely assumption that the interests of any Bible society are identical with the interests of the Bible. Perhaps nothing has added so much to the impotency of the Bible as this specially organized patronage of the Bible in lands and among people who are prepared to judge the Bible on its own merits and to seek it for themselves and, in the main, to pay for what they need. The truth is, the Bible is able to stand alone in America, as we suspect the figures of the trade would show. We do not hear of Shakespearean societies being organized for the free distribution of Shakespeare. Shakespeare does not have to be given away. How much less the deathless words of Job, the universal refrains of the Psalms, and the world-conquering charm of the Beatitudes and the parables. Let those "eminent public men" lend their names, influence and brains to such efforts, organized or otherwise, as will increase the intelligent appreciation of the Bible in our land, and the Bible will find its way into the homes of America and into the hands of American youths fast enough without the costly machinery of a Bible society. But such an appreciation will not be content with the stereotyped, antiquated and outgrown editions of the "American Bible Society." It will create a demand for the best versions, the latest editions.

The twentieth century needs the Bible in the light of twentieth century scholarship, intelligence and appreciation, and it is willing to pay a fair price for such treasures. Such an edition the American Bible Society not only refuses to give, but it opposes by all the methods of commercial competition. Where poverty actually interferes with the possession of such a treasure, every church in America, every settled pastor in America, and thousands of intelligent laymen, within and without the churches, will hasten to supply such want within its territory, without the aid of a national society with headquarters in New York. Every Jew, Catholic, Protestant, orthodox and heterodox will gladly help meet such a want. This want can not today be supplied by the American Bible Society, but rather by the Thomas Nelson & Sons house, or some other private publishers who meet this call without any missionary backing. Perhaps, after all, what the American Bible Society needs most is to revise its methods, bring itself down to date, and apply itself to the tasks of the twentieth century in the spirit of the twentieth cenury. Then it will not only receive, but it will increasingly deserve the endorsement, not only of the twenty, but of the many more "eminent public men from all sections of thecountry."

A Parable from the Hills.

The rain-drops murmured as they fell to earth. The parched ground, eager for their coming, drank in the moisture with silent haste; the dry grass, scorched by the long heat of summer sun, began to raise its withered blades, and the trees rustled as the cooling shower fell upon their leaves. But no word of thanks uprose from wood or meadow. The eagerness with which the rain was absorbed was the only proof of how long and how ardently it had been desired.

"They could not do without us," murmured the drops of rain. "They need us for their very being. If we were to fail in our coming the green earth and all its life would fade away and cease. There would be no roses in the gardens, no wild anemones about the woods, no corn to nourish the frame of man, nor wine to gladden his heart. Yet they never remember our service, or give us word of thanks."

And the rain fell slowly—very slowly, upon the expectant fields. Then the pines upon the mountain slopes began to stir, and their answer came wavering, with a sigh; "If we accept your service and give no thought to you it is because you have no existence apart from the service you yield. When once you have fallen upon the ground you are absorbed and are no more. Your life is briefer than the insect's; you have no form nor beauty of your own."

"Do you hear them?" murmured the rain drops, "They say we have no beauty. That is why they do not love us even though we are useful and necessary to them, for on earth it is only that which is beautiful that is beloved." And the rain fell sadly upon the odorous earth.

Then the west wind, breathing low, spoke words of comfort to the wayfarer it had brought.

"If you have no form nor beauty of your own, remember that it is you who cause the beauty so beloved in others. Without your aid the red rose could not bloom nor the white narcissus embroider the upland pastures. Were it not for you the ruddy cheeks of the apple would never gleam in the sun, nor the grapes swell large and juicy, nor the corn wax thick in the ear. All the beauty of the world is due, in the beginning, to you, O humble drops of rain. Think then upon the gift you bring to others and in this let your comfort lie."

"It is true, we know it," answered the disconsolate raindrops. "but the fact is neither realized nor accounted for. They take our moisture as a natural right and never remember that we die in giving them the glory for which they are praised."

Then the Maker of the flowerets and of the rain took pity upon his humble ministers, whole life lay all in service unacknowledged. And he caused his sun to shine suddenly upon the raindrops in their passage through the air, and each drop became a radiant prism, gleaming with color and fiery light, and an arch of beauty rose against the storm-clouds, a band of color purer than earthly hues, more exquisite, more transcendent than all the loveliness of the world.

Then the trees and blossoms and the green meadows and the running brooks gazed long in admiration, and as the Wonder faded from the sky a voice uprose from among them:

"O gracious Power, O wise creative Love! Even to these drops of rain whom we held so insignificant and whom we reproached for having no beauty of their own, hast thou given a loveliness more ethereal than ours, a glory greater than our glory, for it is not of this earth." LILIAN PRIULI-BON.

44 Via Vincenzo Monti, Milan.

Candlemas.

The hedge-rows cast a shallow shade
  Upon the frozen grass,
But skies at evensong are soft,
  And comes the Candlemas.

Each day a little later now
  Lingers the westering sun;
Far out of sight the miracles
  Of April are begun.

O barren bough! O frozen field!
  Hopeless ye wait no more.
Life keeps her dearest promises—
  The Spring is at the door!

—*Arthur Ketcham in the February Atlantic.*

Mr. John La Farge, whose "Great Masters" has just been brought out by McClure, Phillips & Company, is one of the most painstaking of our critical authors. No young writer ever worked so hard over his first book as Mr. La Farge did over his "Great Masters." Just before leaving for Newport last spring, he was seen in his study at New York, where the table and floor were covered with works in various languages on Michaelangelo. His new article on the great Italian painter and sculptor had been written fully a year before; but now, as he said, he was going over the whole field again, so that not a single adjective should fail to express his precise shade of meaning.

Our Florida Letter.

Our hearts go out to our home city during these days of sorrow and unrest, and withal, suffering, as there must be from the cold, and sitting in the sunshine here we can only hope that spring will do some early cuddling in the lap of somebody pretty soon. Here it is cooler than usual, but rare to find the south verandas uncomfortable for our forenoon's work of reading and writing.

But let no one think of western Florida as tropical. Once it was so, when the land was in its original beauty, when massive pines stood guard between the warm sands of the Gulf and the snow drifts of the north, but when the more energetic man appeared with lumber mills and turpentine stills and telegraph poles and railway ties, why the oranges and lemons and tropical palms and frisky alligators went to parts unknown. Yet there are compensations. The air is more health-giving, more vital with industry, the products of the soil more numerous, and everywhere there is more thrift and enterprise.

But this change is not always acceptable. "Dere jest drivin' us offen de airth," said an old settler, whose neighbor was five miles distant. "Jest drivin' us off," he murmured. "Once I cud knock on de corner of dis yer house wid de ax and de wild turkeys would come flippin' at yer feet, and the deer runnin' up wid the cows, but—" and he pined for the good old times.

All now concede that there is a great day coming for Florida. Pensacola, with one of the finest harbors in the world, is shaking the fungus from her eye winkers, and dreams of a metropolis of the south. Farther east in this section the change is quite as marked. Farmers are solving the mysteries of the soil, and know that even Florida sand has its reward for the toiler. Cotton in the lowlands, with no boll weevil as yet; sugar cane on any land, 2% richer with saccharine matter than even the famous Louisiana district; peanuts and sweet potatoes sure crops. Cassara with enormous yield and unexcelled for feed. The velvet bean, one of the richest of foods and milk-producers, and corn, can be raised on all soils from ten to forty bushels an acre, according to soil and tillage. Corn is 75 cents a bushel, oats 60 cents, hay $20 a ton, and butter, eggs and poultry corresponding.

One of the striking evidences of, as well as sources of prosperity, is found in the improved breeds of cattle, horses, hogs and poultry. The long, lean, lop-eared "razor-back" scavenger of street and alley will soon be but a memory, while the "piney-woods" cow, monarch of the brush and brake, has been forced to retreat before the Jersey and Hereford. Carriages with roly-poly horses and town millinery come rolling in from the country until one almost longs for the picturesque cart and ox and chairs arranged along the side, shaded by sunbonnets of various tints.

What has brought the change? Many things, perhaps, but principally a study of the soil and more intelligent culture. Rumors are now afloat of large packing interests in Chicago investing in lands along the Louisville & Nashville Railway for feeding and packing stations in the South. Whether true or not in the immediate future, it will come some day.

Hand in hand with this progress on the farm is the increased interest in schools. The public school has become an honored institution, and the County High School its culmination, while the Normals, white and colored, are receiving generous treatment by the state. Everywhere the standard has been raised.

With all this ministering to the mental and physical man, the spiritual is calling for recognition, too, and if diversity of creeds and multiplicity of churches make for spiritual culture we shall soon excel even Chicago in piety. Here at De Funiak, with a permanent popula-

tion of about 1,500, there is the Presbyterian South, Methodist, North and South, Baptist, Universalist, Christian Science, Episcopal, with Baptists and Methodists, with variations of a different color, duplicated in four other churches. What more could be asked in the way of variety and competition?

It is the trundle bed stage—the more the merrier—through which all communities, for some unearthly reason, seem destined to pass.

Our friends of UNITY will be glad to know that Dr. Thomas has been improving every day since we left the city. The cane is now forgotten, and though there is a slight hitch still, there is every promise of its disappearance. In fact, he is about as swift on foot as ever, and that is saying a great deal. We have a fine gymnasium in the back yard, equipped with saw and shovel and ax and pine knots galore. And all this to the music of the happy denizens as they tell of their triumphs of the roost. And not the least interesting of the performance are the various spectators that enter without invitation or ticket—a bustling bonnie little cow that knows enough not only to come in when it rains, but to open and shut the door after her; turkeys that grow red with jealousy for the privilege of eating out of the hand; young pullets teasing to put their first egg in the corner of the hallway. Never was a more secluded spot. Park in the rear, the spring one mile around in front facing the Auditorium; Chautauqua Hotel and busy town a few moments' walk from each, with magnolias and cape myrtles, hollies and figs, dogwoods and prickly ash, bridal wreaths and camphors, sassafras, chinaberries, persimmons, oaks and pines to the right and left.

Now all ye who are battling with ice and soot and grafts and hold-ups and burglars and brimstone—aren't you green with envy?

We read UNITY with interest each week. Dr. Mann is giving us something to chew upon of nights. By the way, I wish he could cast his astronomical eye over our bestarred and bestudded heavens. It is a sight for the gods. One can hardly sleep for the beauty of it, nor wake for the littleness of self and the infinite greatness of the "other." There, that sounds like my liege lord, who is doing his best to infuse a little philosophy into me this winter.

And then we read E. P. P., always clever and cheery. He, too, must be down here somewhere prowling among the glades. And the editor comes in, too, for dissection. "Jones is doing some great work this week. I tell you, that fellow is growing—not a philosopher, exactly, but tremendously vital."

And so the days move on all too quickly. Dear Dr. Kerr—but who would call that blessed saint to earth-life again? The sheaves were all garnered, and the springtime of a better highway beckoned.

And Dr. Collyer has passed the four-score mark—evergreen Collyer. Let us hope the five-score may find him still feeding the multitude, and Edward Everett Hale richer and dearer as the days lose themselves into decades.

Dr. Thomas is busy with the pen—some magazine articles—Chautauqua work coming on, and here and there always something doing.

VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS.

January 26, 1904.

BROTHERHOOD.

I cannot eat my daily bread alone.
Give none to me if all cannot be fed.
With them I stand or fall, for we are one;
Father, give all of us our daily bread.

—*Margaret Haile.*

THE PULPIT.

Causes of the Modern Transformation of Religious Thought.

VI.

PUBLICATION TO THE WESTERN WORLD OF THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST.

GIVEN AT UNITY CHURCH, OMAHA, JAN. 24, BY REV. NEWTON MANN.

For a thousand years after the establishment of the Christian church in Europe the Bible was the only known book for which the claim of inspiration was made. With the rise of the Moslem power in North Africa and the irruption of the Moors into Spain in the eighth century, some rumor circulated of a book in their possession purporting to be "the word of God," but what it was hardly anybody knew—presumably a work of the Evil One, since it was in the hands of the enemies of the Church. No translation of it into any European language was made till the twelfth century, and as by that time the Christian and the Mohammedan powers were in mortal combat, a heightened prejudice was in the way of any wide knowledge being gained of this book; for hundreds of years it was hardly known by more than its name, the Koran. When in 1512 the last remnant of Moorish power was destroyed in Spain, and when a few years later the conquests of Islam were arrested at the walls of Vienna, fear of this mailed and armed specter subsided, and the Koran could be examined more fairly. But the book never has made much appeal to the European mind, so dull, so bizarre and often stupid it is; and the wide circulation of it long since ceased to excite any apprehension among even the most bigoted Christians that it would do any harm.

The two most remarkable facts about the Koran are, first, that it is "the most widely-read book in existence" (Nöldeke, Encyc. Brit.), its use, as has been observed, in public worship, in schools and otherwise, being much more extensive than that of the Bible in Christian countries; and, secondly, the belief of Mohammedans that the book has existed from all eternity in heaven, whence it was sent down, piece by piece, to the prophet, the bearer of the precious morsels being one and another angel, in the end the angel Gabriel. Thus the doctrine of its inspiration is put on the most positive imaginable basis. These two facts have served to establish the conviction with onlookers that neither the popularity of a book nor the commonly received theory of its origin ought to weigh so very much in its favor. The Koran admits a degree of inspiration in the Hebrew and Christian scriptures, on which it freely draws; so Mahomet, exclusive and intolerant as his followers have been, cannot be charged with setting up the claim, too commonly heard among Christians even yet, of having the only revelation ever made to man.

In the middle ages rumors circulated in Europe of a rich and populous country in the far east, called Cathay, to which a few adventurers were drawn, bringing back thence stories of the strangest people under the sun. Later, when the ocean, instead of separating, became the means of putting nations within touch of one another, Europe began to find out something more about this oldest existing empire, immense and populous, and to pronounce its name China. But the people there wanted nothing of the outside world, and intercourse with them was very restricted and for a long time only commercial. The missionaries who went out made very little impression on the Chinese, but a few of the more philosophical pricked up their ears when they learned of that people's literary possessions. They discovered with astonishment that

there were Chinese classics, old as the Greek or Hebrew, and venerated by twice over more souls than both of these together. This was surprising enough, but more surprising still was it to find in these classics a moral philosophy, a statement of human duty, egoistic and altruistic, which compares well with anything that antiquity has to offer. This is found chiefly in the saying of Confucius and his disciple Mencius, the latter, though less famed, nowise inferior to his master. Confucius was a great maker of maxims; it were hard to find any situation or relation in life for which he has not a rule, and a rule that commends itself to the reader's conscience. A very few examples of his style must suffice.

Being asked how to conduct oneself so as to be everywhere appreciated, he said: "Let your words be sincere and truthful, and your actions honorable and careful."

As to the personal affairs to be anxious about, he said: "A man should say, 'I am not concerned that I have no place; I am concerned how I may fit myself for one. I am not concerned that I am not known; I seek to be worthy to be known.'"

Worthiness, he thinks, does not lie in doing some strange, out-of-the-way thing, but in simply performing the nearest duty. On this he exclaims: "Is virtue a thing remote? I wish to be virtuous, and lo! virtue is at hand. The high path is not far to seek. When a man cultivates to the utmost the powers of his nature, and exercises them on the principle of a reciprocal obligation between man and man, he is not far from the high path. What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do to others." This last sentence is the negative form of the Golden Rule; but Confucius did not stop with the negative form, he pronounced it over and over and in a variety of forms. Finally when a disciple asked, "Master, is there one word which may serve as a rule of conduct for all one's life?" the sage responded affirmatively, and gave as such a rule the Chinese word *shu*, which is without an English equivalent, but signifies sympathetic reciprocity in feeling and in action, and is nothing less than the Golden Rule in its affirmative form. It stands in Chinese characters along with the Golden Rule over this platform, and a Chinaman seeing it there, as I have had the pleasure of observing, indicates the significance for which he can find no English word by laying his hand on his heart.

If Confucius was the richer in proverbs, Mencius was the greater preacher; he carried the Master's teachings over China, enforcing them with a prophetic power all his own. One incident will bring out the point he never failed to make. Visiting one of the provincial kings of his country, the king on receiving him said: "Venerable sir, since you have had the devotion to come so far, may I presume that you are likewise provided with counsels to profit my kingdom?" The quick and fearless response of the sage was: "Why must your Majesty use that word 'profit'? What I am 'likewise' provided with are counsels of benevolence and righteousness, and these are my only topics." He then proceeded to expound these topics till his royal host was persuaded that they were the topics with which a king should most concern himself. And what he said in the courts of kings he spoke in the ears of the populace, singing everywhere his inexhaustible psalm of benevolence and righteousness. Hear him:

"Benevolence is the tranquil habitation of man, and righteousness his straight path. Alas for them who leave the tranquil dwelling empty and do not reside in it, who abandon the right path and do not walk in it!" His rules of life are mostly positive, but he begins with a prohibition. "Men must first be decided," he says, "in what they will not do; then they will be able to act with vigor in what they ought to do;" and this is his comprehensive prohibition: "Let a man not do what his own conscience tells him not to do, and let him not desire what his conscience tells him not to desire." He then proceeds with his great idea, which is the overcoming of evil with good. Goodness is mightier than the sword. "When men are subdued by force they do not submit in their hearts; they submit outwardly, because their strength is not adequate to resist; when men are subdued by goodness, in their heart's core they are pleased, and they yield in all sincerity. And never has he who by his goodness would subdue men been unable to subdue them." But in this holy war there are to be no half-way measures: "Benevolence subdues its opposite just as water subdues fire. Those, however, who now-a-days practice benevolence do it as though with one cup of water they would put out the flames bursting from all sides of a burning house. They say benevolence is a failure because their one cup of water does not extinguish a conflagration. This half-heartedness greatly encourages the evil that is to be overcome. The final result of such parsimony in goodness will simply be this—the loss of that small amount of goodness."

These ideas were expanded into volumes in China about the time Jeremiah was lamenting the degeneracy of Jerusalem—about the time Plato was preaching immortality in Athens. Is it any wonder that missionaries in the "Celestial Empire" with vision wide enough to see that any good thing can come out of heathendom, began to open their eyes, even laid aside the work of propagandism for the more grateful task of putting these Chinese classics into European tongues? Of these classics there are nine books, five of which were gathered up by Confucius out of preexisting material, and edited by him about 2,500 years ago; the other four the work of his immediate followers, recording his words and the words of his ministers. The original manuscripts, of course, have perished, but of the whole set, Dr. Legge, the accomplished missionary to whom we owe the translation, says: "The evidence is complete that the Classical Books of China have come down from at least a century before the Christian era substantially the same as we have them at present."

A feature of the Chinese mind even in its best estate is that it wanted nothing of metaphysics. The great teachers of that race were not given to speculation about God, about origins and ends, content to deal with matters more within their grasp. Other Asiatics contrast strongly with them in this as in other respects. For seven centuries there have dwelt in India the few score thousand Parsees who constitute the remnant of the so-called fire-worshipers—Iranians, whom Xerxes led to the conquest of Greece. One day about the middle of the eighteenth century a remarkable linguist, Anquetil du Perron, mousing in the royal library of Paris, came upon a stray fragment of a book called the Zend Avesta, the sacred scripture of these Parsees. He was seized with an intense desire to see the whole book and read it in the original. To do that meant then a journey to the far East, which he had no money to make. Nothing daunted, he took advantage of the war then raging for the possession of India, enlisting as a soldier to be sent there. The officers of the expedition, discovering his scholarship and his wholly unmilitary ambition, procured him his discharge, to which was added a little pension. This was in 1755. After four years of sickness and struggle with well-nigh insurmountable difficulties he reached Surat and put himself in communication with the Parsee community. In three years more by their generous assistance he had learned the Zend and become the possessor of one hundred and eighty precious manuscripts, covering all that remains of the

Avesta. With these he returned home, and in 1771 the Avesta appeared for the first time in a European language. The Christian world took it for a great hoax. Nobody could think that these pages, abounding in strains of lofty purity and devotion, are the genuine work of Zoroaster (or Zarathustra, as we are learning now to say), who lived so long ago that his actual date is lost behind a haze of twenty-five or thirty centuries. But the claim is now generally conceded. By universal agreement of those who have given most attention to the subject, the authenticity of these writings is as well established as that of the New Testament. They are not, like the Chinese classics, primarily books of history and moral regulations, but rather books of worship, consisting of psalms, confessions, prayers—a liturgy of a profoundly religious people. The Avesta is dominated completely, as the Bible is only partially, by the dualism of Good and Evil, eternal opposites raised into two mighty personalities contending for the supremacy of the world. As in Milton's epic, Satan stands over against God no mean competitor—a conception which gives the basis of a most strenuous faith. When the Good Power made the world the Evil One crept in and marred it. He tempted the first human creatures, who were originally innocent and made for heaven—brought them goat's milk, which was bad for them—brought them fruit, which they ate, and lost all but a hundredth part of their happiness. The woman was the first to be caught in the net of the Arch-fiend. As this Iranian fancy is assuredly older than the Genesis story, the points of agreement are decidedly suggestive.

A book of devotion is not quotable like a book of morals, but the sympathetic reader will find characteristics to mark in this horn-book of the Parsees. First he will note the spirit of exalted piety that runs through it, strikingly akin to that of the Hebrew Psalms, only having a more far-off sound, as coming from a higher antiquity. If at its best it does not rise so high, the impartial reader will observe that at its worst it does not sink so low; it has no maledictions for the babes of any Babylon. A strong feature that will not escape attention is the supreme estimate set upon purity—not purity in a merely ceremonial sense which so predominates in the law-books of the Old Testament, but purity in word and thought and deed. Longing for this is the burden of almost every prayer. In the very oldest parts, which may have been uttered before ever a word of the Bible was written, one reads:

> We make our supplications to Ahura, and with hands stretched out in entreaty, when we pray to the Great Creator, asking wisdom in our doubt; and He will answer.
>
> O Great Creator, the Living Lord! inspired by Thy Benevolent Mind, I approach and beseech of Thee to grant me as a bountiful gift for both the worlds, the corporeal and the spiritual, those attainments which are to be derived from the Divine Righteousness, and by means of which those who are its recipients may be introduced into beatitude and glory.
>
> Yea, I will approach Thee with my supplications, I who am delivering up my mind and soul to that heavenly Mount whither all the dedeemed at last must pass, knowing full well the holy characteristics and rewards of the actions prescribed by Ahura Mazda. And so long as I am able and may have the power, so long will I teach Thy people concerning the holy deeds to be done by them with faith toward God, and in the desire for the coming of the Divine Righteousness within their souls.
>
> I will declare that which the most bountiful One told me, that word which is the best to be heeded by mortals. They who therein grant me obedient attention, upon them cometh Weal to bless, and the Immortal being, and in the deeds of His Good Mind cometh the Lord. (From Yasnas, 28 and 45.)

Very remarkable expression of piety this, and Zarathustra continues it through Yasna after Yasna.

A notable thing is, the Avesta goes on the same assumption of a future life as does the New Testament, has strikingly similar ideas of judgment and retribution. Indeed, as observed by Prof. Geldner, "No religion has so clearly grasped the ideas of guilt and of merit." Strict reckoning of everything done here below is kept in heaven, "all thoughts, words and deeds of each are entered in the book as separate items," and as this account shows a balance on one side or the other, the final judgment will be taken. The main difference from the Christian conception is that no remission of sins is provided for, but one's good works of thought, word and action form a fund of merit to offset one's evil works. With this exception, the coincidence is remarkable; the same rigor of law, even a greater rigor; the same notion of a recording angel keeping a book account with every soul; the same notion of a judgment by which the obviously good at death pass at once to Paradise, and the obviously bad to perdition; the same notion of a resurrection at the last day, followed by a final judgment and a separation of the good from the evil. All this is full of suggestion as to the source of these ideas as they stand in our scriptures. It has also been an eye-opening experience for Christians to find the Parsee community in India made up of excellent people, people of culture and refinement, who in all the virtues that adorn life compare well with any community in that country or in this. Returning from Europe a year ago last summer it was my good fortune to form the acquaintance of a little company of these people, and to hold long conversations with them. Rarely have I ever met such attractive, interesting, broad-minded persons; and so said all on board who found them out. A religion that makes such people, or has any hand in making them, is not to be sneeringly set aside.

But by far the most extensive and important collections of Sacred Books opened up in recent times to the western world remains to be referred to; indeed they are of such vast extent that they cannot here be even referred to specifically. I mean the sacred books of India. Of the prodigious amount of this material we have mostly as yet formed only a vague idea. The most ancient part is the hymns of the Rig-veda. These hymns are 1,028 in number, averaging 10 or 11 verses, and to them is added a metric commentary consisting of about 100,000 lines, all written in extremely long meter, 32 syllables to the line, each line, therefore, equal to one of our four-line long-meter stanzas. Thirty-two-syllable verse must make pretty heavy reading, almost as bad as that of our Whitman school of poets, but not quite, for in beginning a Vedic line you do know that there is an end to it, and you know by just how many rhythmical steps that end is to be reached—two appreciable consolations, especially where there are 100,000 lines. This Vedic collection alone must be three or four times the size of our Bible. Then there are the Brahmanas, somewhat less ancient than the Vedas, but much more extensive, forming to every orthodox Hindu an installment of the revealed truth. To these are attached the Upanishads, a round 100 elaborate mystical treatises. As part of Hindu "Holy Writ" must be reckoned the Code of Manu, consisting of twelve books of verse, lines of fearful length, 5,370 of them. To which add the epic poems, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, together with the more modern Puranas and Tantras, also the Granth, the sacred book of the Sikhs. And when you have gathered in all these and others too numerous to mention, you haven't yet touched the main mass, the canonical books of the Buddhist Church. These are in bulk simply appalling to contemplate, even to us who are not compelled to read them. Every letter is holy, so the letters have been counted up, as have those of the Bible. In our canonical scriptures are 3,567,180 letters; in the Buddhist 29,368,000—more than eight times as many. But these writings are only the New Testament of India,

and strictly speaking should be measured with our New Testament, which has only 800,000 letters.

Toward the close of the 18th century Sir William Jones began to open up these mines, with results which attracted to Sanscrit sources the ablest of subsequent generations of linguists, until, after a hundred years of faithful delving, the more important parts of this literature have been put within reach of English readers; though the Vedas, supposed by the Hindus to be 5,000 years old, and certainly coming down from a time anterior to that of Moses, not being very well understood even by Hindu scholars, are largely unintelligible to us. They are hymns to the gods, with archaic allusions which only lifelong students of Indian lore can hope to make out. The later books are less obscure, and all these writings, in mass exceeding fifteen times over the Bible, deal with religious and moral questions, on which is brought to bear the unequaled subtlety of the Hindu race in the ages of its highest spiritual development. For unknown thousands of years the old Brahminic thought exercised itself on the problems of existence and of first causes, evolving the most elaborate theology ever seen or dreamed of, with law and liturgy to match, by means of which India became burdened and buried under the all-commanding, all-absorbing God-idea. At the risk of sending you to your dictionaries for the meaning of one long word, I quote a sentence from Wundt: "The religious metaphysics of Brahminism afford us an example that has never been equaled—or, indeed, even approached—of a complete intussusception of the religious and the philosophical elements." But the old Hindu metaphysicians went far beyond what can fitly be called philosophy. Having exhausted the realm of determinable truth concerning things spiritual, they reveled in countless dreamy speculations, which, becoming dominant, hardened into creed and ritual. The divinities multiplied their manifestations; God was all and in all; and the life of the people became overlaid with austerities, turned into a perpetual round of devotions. Then came a revulsion, led by Gautama, in which service broke away from the gods and centered itself on humanity. A new system of religion was built up, positive, founding on the soul and its longings, and seeking to effect deliverance from the bondage of sin.

Thus to supplement the first great stream of sacred writings setting forth a vast speculation about God in His manifold forms, and providing an interminable ritual, in the sixth century before Christ began to course through Hindu life another literary current, soon growing to imposing dimensions, whose central motive was human, as its spring was a great human heart. Buddha knew only man, and his thought was of man, his care, for man. His speculations, for like others of his race he must speculate, are about man, his round of being, here, heretofore, and hereafter. But in all this nothing trenched upon the rigorousness of his ethics: "Not in the sky, not in the midst of the sea, not if we enter into the clefts of the mountains, is there known a spot in the whole world where a man might be freed from an evil deed." Self-conquest and universal charity are his prescriptions for human ills, and nobody has so insisted on the restraint of passion, the curbing of every low desire. His inhibitory commandments are substantially identical with those of Moses, Zoroaster, Confucius, for human nature is much the same in all lands; and there were ten of them, as with Moses, for the reason, apparently, in both cases, that men have ten digits to count them off on. Buddha's ten commandments prohibit murder, theft, illicit intercourse, lying, slander, swearing, idle talk, covetousness, anger, running after superstitions or other absurdities. In addition, here are a few out of the thousands of his positive precepts: "Give honor to whom honor is due." "Have right desires for yourself; get much insight, much education, a complete training and pleasant speech." "Succor father and mother, cherish wife and child, follow a peaceful calling; give alms, live righteously, provide for your relatives, do blameless deeds." "Cease and abstain from sin, eschew strong drink, be not weary in well-doing."

The eight steps of the Buddhistic way of life, as stated by James Freeman Clarke, are:

1. Right belief, or the correct faith.
2. Right judgment, or wise application of that faith to life.
3. Right utterance, or perfect truth in all that we say and do.
4. Right motives, or proposing always a proper end and aim.
5. Right occupation, or an outward life not involving sin.
6. Right obedience, or the faithful performance of duty.
7. Right memory, or a proper recollection and estimate of past conduct.
8. Right meditation, or keeping the mind fixed on permanent truth.

The Christian might add to this other steps more or less important, but I cannot help thinking that Jesus, hearing of one who had taken these eight steps, would have said: "He is not far from the kingdom of heaven."

The effect of the publication of *The Sacred Scriptures of the World*, brought out under the leadership of Max Müller in 49 massive volumes—the effect of this in Christian lands on the previously existing claim of exclusive inspiration for the Bible, could not but be overwhelming. Even those who do not read them, yes, and those who never read any scriptures, Christian or other (and these latter are often the most bigoted of all), even they, walking through the alcoves of a library and seeing the long row of ponderous tomes with that significant title, cannot fail to carry away some fruitful reflections. And the studious and inquiring, who are the ones who really shape the public thinking, will open the books from time to time, will read them here and there, getting a profounder assurance than ever before that God has "made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth," and that He has nowhere left Himself without witness.

For the scholarly the effect of this publication has been the creation of a new science, or a new branch of philosophy, known as Comparative Religion, which investigates the similarities and dissimilarities of the different faiths of the world—an interesting and yet most difficult study, requiring a freedom from prejudice to which few even among scholars have attained. When we see the bars that race sets up between people the most civilized, dividing such a nation as Germany—not the whole nation to be sure, but a good part of it—into Semites and Anti-Semites by a wall of prejudice which effectually blocks any proper mutual understanding, and perceive that the essence of this is a religious antipathy, we get some idea of the immense difficulty of surmounting the distinctions between us as Christians and such a people as the Chinese or the Hindus sufficiently to get to a sympathetic appreciation of their religious ideas. It is very much more difficult for us to sympathetically cross the dividing line than it is for the Buddhist or the Confucianist, because Christianity is in its nature exclusive, while those orders are not. For this disadvantage nothing can make up but a great hunger of scientific inquiry.

In taking this very hasty glance of an immense field I anticipate the comment that the little extracts I have made from one and another of these scripture-books are in every case in the highest tone of the said book, and do not give a fair idea of its average quality. That may be so. At any rate, I have selected passages which we, in our circumstances, differing widely from the circumstances those writers found themselves

in, may best understand and appreciate; acting precisely as I should hope a Japanese or other Buddhist, or a Parsee, lecturing on the Bible to a Japanese or Hindu assembly, would do; that is, give his auditors as illustrations of bible-thought the best, and not the worst things in the book. There is no scripture but that has its outgrown and weak spots. Every minister knows how much he finds it expedient to skip in the public reading. The genealogies of Genesis, the ceremonial regulations of Leviticus and the maledictory psalms are as dead as anything in the Rig-veda. That in the unfamiliar oriental scriptures there should be a much larger proportion of material that does not interest us, is but natural; the marvel is that there is so much that appeals to us, so much to testify to the universality of the religious sentiment, the substantial oneness of all civilized peoples in mind and heart and conscience; one voice of God, one divine consciousness, everywhere speaking in the human consciousness.

Such, indeed, is the verdict already passed by the thoughtful. The Golden Rule is equally good whether Jesus or Confucius utters it; and the same precept of love has just the same value coming from the Lord Buddha or from the Lord Jesus. The more lips it independently comes from the better authenticated it is. The day to maintain an exclusive title to the Word of God passed by forever when three once mighty oriental peoples, long since gone into decadence, yielded up to the eyes of the civilized world the spiritual treasures of their better days; for now we know—

All nations have their message from on high,
Each the Messiah of some central thought,
For the fulfilment and delight of man:
One has to teach that Labor is divine;
Another, Freedom; and another, Mind;
And all that God is open-eyed and just,
The happy center and calm heart of all.

No American or European reader is likely to think there is anything miraculous about the composition of the Koran, the Avesta, the Vedas, the Upanishads or the Dhammapada; but these and other sacred books of the East are works of the same class as our Bible, and contain much the same moral teaching. An impartial survey of the whole subject leads inevitably to the conclusion that, one and all, they are a product of the religious nature of man, as natural a development as any glory of our own or other modern literature. Illusions and delusions, fostered by the preachers who continue stupidly to refer to the Bible as "the word of God," dissolve away into their essential emptiness; the "noble English of our Scriptures" is credited to the translators, where it belongs, the discovery being made that the original Greek of the Christian Scriptures is anything but noble; the ethical faults, the historical errors, the palpable contradictions, which abound in them, come to light, rendering this compilation of little Jewish books simply one of the sacred literatures of the world, all having a common origin in the felt needs of the heart and soul, all alike human, fallible, subject to correction—the various results of the spiritual evolution of man at periods of special awakening, to be reverenced for what they are worth, not to be fantastically exalted into something of supernatural, unapproachable excellence.

As other ancient Scriptures rise up in a certain majesty before us we are compelled to set aside the exclusive claims of holiness that have been made for the Bible, to renounce the hardihood of making out of it what Lowell called "a jail in which to coop the living God." I have given you only very brief extracts from these other sources, though I feel as did Max Muller in one of his lectures when he said: "I wish I could read you all the extracts I have collected from the sacred books of the ancient world, grains of truth more precious to me than grains of gold; prayers so simple and so true that we could all join in them if once accustomed. * * * If other religions are the work of the devil, as many of us have been brought up to believe, then never was there a kingdom so divided against itself from the very beginning. There is no religion—or, if there is, I do not know it—which does not say, 'Do good, avoid evil.' There is none which does not contain what Rabbi Hillel called the quintessence of all religions, the simple warning, 'Be good, my boy.' 'Be good, my boy,' may seem a very short catechism, but let us add to it, 'Be good, my boy, for God's sake,' and we have in it very nearly the whole of the Law and the Prophets."

God.

With reverence I veil my face—
To think I am of love a part,
That in the summer of his grace—
I live beatitude of heart;
He is the all-pervading power—
Of all below and all above;
Each moment of each passing hour
Repeats the music of his love!

As source of all he is the All,
No other source for aught can be;
He calls, and none but he can call—
From, in, and to eternity.
And all that was in ages gone,
And all that is in this our day,
And all of all as life runs on—
Abides with joy in him alway!

The trembling stars are but as dew—
Held in the cup of his white flower,
Yet every thought of me and you
Reflects his wisdom, love and power.
We live in him for evermore—
The majesties of hope to prove,
And all his will in bliss adore,
While wondrous cycles onward move!

His love is purer than the light;
Our love and light from him must spring;
He is the everlasting right,
The perfectness of everything.
No shadows darken in his path;
And naught of good will he deny,
For whatsoe'er the Father hath—
Is ours indeed eternally!

Rise then, my soul, in worship sweet,
Thy daily work with gladness do;
In every round his presence meet,
In every scene his goodness view.
Let heaven all about thee be,
From glowing dawn to gates of sleep;
No harm shall ever come to thee,
For he in love doth guide and keep!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Traveling on the Continent of Europe, with a party of young Americans, I was witness of their dismay at being assailed from time to time by friendly English fellow travelers with such questions as these: "Is it not very lonely in America? Are there any singing birds there? Any wild flowers? Any bishops? Are there booths in the streets of New York? Do people read English books there? Have they heard of Ruskin; and how?" These were from the rank and file of questioners, while a very cultivated clergyman lost caste somewhat with our young people by asking confidently, "Are Harvard and Yale both in Boston?" a question which seemed to them as hopelessly benighted as the remark of a lady, just returned from the wonders of the New World, who had been impressed, like all visitors, with the novelties offered in the way of food at the Baltimore dinner-tables, but still sighed with regret at having been obliged to come away without eating a "canvas-backed clam."—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in the February Atlantic.*

Some Comments on Novels New and Old.

The appearance of "Lady Rose's Daughter," the most notable novel of the year, inspires within me a desire to talk with my old novel reading friends of favorites old and new. The overwhelming flood of novels, good, bad and indifferent, mostly the latter, which has deluged the country the last few years has left a few of the old novel reading fraternity stranded high and dry, out of reach of its waters on the Ararat of indifference, if not of disgust. Many of them do not read the new novels at all, some every time they hear much talk of a new one go and read an old one, like Dr. Johnson of old. Some like myself read a few new ones, and a few of the old. But I am free to confess that the new ones, always with the exception of Mrs. Ward's delightful books, do not charm as the old were wont to do. That the change is not entirely in me is proven by the keen interest and delight with which I have read the last mentioned books, one and all, by the lineal descendent of George Eliot. If one can read Lady Rose's Daughter without the old fashioned thrills, the passionate interest and the ready sympathy and wonder and indignation—that proves, I think, that his days of novel reading are about ended, and that soon he will be as unable to enjoy a page of Thackeray as poor Darwin was to enjoy one of Shakespeare, in his old age. If, my dear elderly reader, you do not enjoy this latest of the new style of novels, you will have to go back to Jane Eyre, I think, with all its immaturities and improbabilities, for the old sensations. You will get them from that even now, if I do not mistake you. When Grace Poole begins to be seen in the halls and passages, and strange noises to trouble the nights, I fancy the creepiness about your spine will remind you of your youth. If not, you are surely an extinct volcano. Do not be offended, for think what fantastic tracks before high heaven extinct volcanoes have played within the year. But think how Mrs. Ward gets her effects. There are no confined lunatics —no mock marriages, no midnight visits from mysterious upper regions; only a plain every-day story of passionate love, but the same thrilling interest and suspense and, spite of myself, sympathy. I have heard people say they sympathized with Becky Sharpe all the way through Vanity Fair, and I know some very proper and moral people who make the same admission in regard to Julie. Highly indecorous certainly, but Mrs. Ward beguiled them.

Speaking of thrills, does anyone remember reading Wilkie Collins' Women in White, in his early youth? I have never seen it since I was seventeen, but I can remember distinctly the delicious tremors which followed or accompanied a night perusal. I shall never reread that stirring book for fear that I should now find it tedious. I had that experience with Counterparts, which was one of my early bibles, and I do not like to be disillusioned too often. It makes one suspect one's early taste in literature. I wonder how On the Heights would stand the test? Would one's heart be broken all over again, or has it become hardened with the passage of the years? I fear mine is still soft for a really romantic tale, but I am hard as flint for a problem novel, I must confess. I refuse any longer to be harrowed (or edified either) by the woes of the world hurled wholesale into a book, unassorted and not catalogued. For individual sorrows I have still a secret tear, but the woes of a whole race or tribe or people I can neither digest or assimilate. I decline to wipe my weeping eyes in their behalf. Lola's attempt to paint in detail all the horrors which the ages have produced does not leave me overcome with pity, but with sheer physical and mental weariness and disgust. If God has made such a world as he depicts, I throw the responsibility for it back upon him and leave it there. I should never be able to enjoy the blueness of the sky or the sea, else, as to rejoice in a beautiful white night with stars. Do not let these dreadful realists blot out the sun for you, gentle reader. Do not let Balzac sicken you with his Pere Goriot and the rest, however great the art of them may be. Those French novels not only stain your purity, they are able to destroy your soul with hell fire. Let us keep to the windward of what is putrid, in books as well as in life. I believe that the unpardonable sin is the writing of vile books, however much their authors may plead a high purpose in writing them. They are already in that hell of the lewd and unclean which Dante pictures, and God himself cannot get them out of it without a radical transformation of their whole natures. There He tells us:

"Each diverse way, along the grisly rock,
Horned demons I beheld, with lashes huge,
That on their back unmercifully smot
Ah, how they made them bound at the first stripe!"

We have taken our reading pastime far too sadly, all these later years. The hard and hopeless facts of life have been spread before us in all their naked horror, with no relief of humor, little play of fancy, and no gleam of future relief.

Ibsen's plays are hardly more gloomy reading than our problem novels. Ghosts was a human document of transcendent gloom, but was not Tess of the D'Urbervilles almost if not quite as dark a picture? And this from Hardy, who might comfort a world infinitely in need of good cheer, with his fine art and skill in telling a tale. If we must have these horrible details, let them be told as Ruskin tells them, in simple, straightforward language which cuts like a knife, but does not add gangrene, as do this class of novels. In a chapter telling of the Savagery of England. Ruskin relates some facts more utterly detestable and vile than any the novels detail, but his way of putting them will harm no soul, but rather inspire it with a passionate detestation of all vice. Wm. T. Stead's method is similar. His story excites only horror and detestation. Your soul is scared as with a hot iron, and you can never be quite as cheerful again. But it puts you in fighting trim. You will make war upon vice lifelong, and most relentlessly, if you have any decent stuff in you. If not, you would better keep yourself ignorant. My other dearest detestation is, I think, the dialect novel. I am told it has had its day and is passing. May we never see its like again. To wade through two or three hundred pages of negro or poor white dialect, or even of Creole, or down-East Yankee, is to me a weariness of the flesh, to which Inow rarely subject myself. Ruskin praises Scott for having so modified the Scotch dialect as to make it intelligible to the ordinary reader, but take up a page at random as I have done and count the words you do not understand at sight, and they prove to be many. Here are a few: knowe-head, kippoge, wheen, allenarly, "gledging and gleeing," farby, suld, screih, kend, twilts, pands, testors, dunshin, sneeshin. These are all copied from a page or two taken at random, and I myself do not understand them all at a glance, as perhaps Ruskin could. English dialect novels are no more comprehensible to a Christian than are Scotch. But not being quickly comprehended is not the only fault I find with the ordinary run of dialect novels. It is worth while to look up the meaning of Scott's strange words, but what shall one do with the lingo of the ordinary dialect writer but anathematize and abandon it forever? I am not forgetting that there are masterpieces of fiction in which dialect plays a prominent part, and which it is a pleasure and a profit to read, but I think the mass of them tempt one to the use of words not conducive to piety.

The cowboy lingo is the rage at present, and the cowboy novel leads the sales of current fiction, I am told.

Books that are immensely popular seldom please me, and when I hear of phenomenal sales I usually pass by on the other side as did the priest and the Levite. David Harum I glanced at, and crossed over; Ben Hur I never read, and but one chapter of The Virginian. I was requested to read that chapter about the hero and the missionary; I did so, and was not tempted to continue the perusal of the remainder. I am not one of the "unco guid," but I did not consider that chapter amusing. Bret Harte, like Jim Bludsoe, did not "go much on religion," and his language was sometimes "plain," but I do not recall any mental shock or protest in reading his wild western tales in the years long past. Was it that the flavor of true genius redeemed everything which might have been questionable, and that the genius is not apparent in much of the cowboy literature of to-day? Is there not the odor of pines and the breath of redwoods around us at the faintest recollection of those early tales, dear reader? For my part I but dimly recall the stories themselves, but as memory dwells lovingly upon them, I seem to see the stern Sierras rising loftily before me, and at their feet the "diggings" and the little settlements of the miners, and the streams where they washed the yellow gold in all the glamour which Bret Harte cast around them. The *feeling* of the books remains as fresh as ever. Their atmosphere has been about us all the years. You can still hear the heart of the tempest beat in those still gorges, and see the upturned leaves whiten and flutter, and feel your feet sink in the deep mosses by the river side. You can hear trees falling with ruinous crash up the gulch, and see the frightened birds circling overhead, and the young animals shuddering in terror, as the thunder peals. The picture has been stored somewhere in your brain until now, and will hardly be effaced but with death. Bret Harte may have been but the historian of an episode, but that episode will interest future generations of men far more than others more important, which did not have a poet for their chronicler. The body of his best work is but small, insignificant among the whole bulk of his writing. He seemed never after he became famous quite able "to recapture."

That first fine careless rapture. The early work was done for the joy of the doing, and that is why its quality rings so true. Later the work was forced for the reward in gold, and the first fine aroma was lost.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Columbus, Wis.

Clara Morris in Fiction.

Fascinating in its pathos, clear-cut in its tenderness, is Clara Morris's little essay into the field of fiction, "Beneath the Wrinkle," appearing in the February *McClure's*. The "wrinkle" is in a faded ribbon, with still a streak of rose-pink in its deepest fold. As the authoress smoothes it out, long unheeded memories arise, and a simple story is unfolded.

McClure readers are familiar with Miss Morris's clever reminiscences of splendid "stars" of the theatrical world. Here she shows mastery of a different order—the subdued, sad twilight of emotion. The story is of a country girl's soft, gentle spirit, unlifted by her quiet romance, and crushed by ignorant prejudice and sudden disaster. If Miss Morris had never been a great actress with a great career to write of, she would have made her name as a writer. What a wonderful woman she is!

THE STUDY TABLE.

An Expurgated Bible.

There is no question at present of more importance than a purification of our literature. There is a slight change for the better in the list of novels, which we have served up to us for Christmas reading and Christmas gifts; but there is a serious sprinkling of what cannot be better designated than moral rot.

Whenever this protest is made, we are constantly met by the assertion that none of the books objected to are as boldly realistic as much that is contained in the Bible. The autobiography of Charles Francis Train, recently published by the Appletons, recalls the fact that that eccentric genius is now under a suspended judgment, for having published extracts from the Bible. For this offense he was arrested and confined in the murderers' row in the Tombs in New York. As he would not accept bail, the courts finally got rid of him by pronouncing him a lunatic, At a recent meeting of the Philosophical Society of Brooklyn, Mr. Comstock, who has been conspicuous for cleansing society of vulgar literature, came near being mobbed because of his influence in arresting a lady who had published what he conceived to be improper literature; literature which was endorsed by New York clergymen. The authoress was arrested and convicted under Mr. Comstock's complaint. After her incarceration she committed suicide. The question was hurled at Mr. Comstock: "Why don't you suppress the publication of the Bible?" We have no reason for supposing that the question was not asked in good faith. The discussion was participated in by some of the leading citizens of Brooklyn; as well as by Moncure D. Conway and Hugh O. Pentecost. So long as it is possible to select passages from our church text book, which will not bear to be placed on our family reading table, the question is a fair one why shall the Bible not be expurgated? We positively decline to enter into any controversy, anything farther than to take our stand firmly for a revised religious text book. We are more than willing to grant the Old Testament, as a body of ancient literature, is superior to any other literature reaching as far back; but this allowance commits us only to a literary use of these writings. Have we not reached a time when intelligent Americans can look at this question without going wild with prejudice? The Bible as authority is very steadily waning in favor of the Bible as literature. We have good reason for believing that this is true not only in liberal denominations, but in the orthodox. Taking its place as literature, what harm can there be in eliminating from its pages, passages expressive of the sensualism or the brute force sentiment, of the ages long preceding Christianity? There is not a Christian family in America that would admit such a volume to lie on its table, as was culled by Mr. Train from the pages of the Bible. This great book had the misfortune to grow up in a period when the world was under the domination of war, licentiousness and rapine. Its glory is that, out of that seething mass of crime and infidelity it rose so far above the common level that it was held to be sacred and became the Scriptures of the world. We do not fail to appreciate its power and its worth; but we see no reason why such a book in its entirety should lie on the cushion of the pulpit, be placed on the dressing table of the girl, or be carried about as the moral pabulum of Sunday School children. As we write word comes that one of our leading publishers is about to issue a Bible, omitting passages that are offensive to present conceptions of propriety and morals.

E. P. POWELL.

Out of Nazareth*

Dr. Savage has added another to the long list of books that he has so skillfully constructed out of his courses of spoken sermons. This time his aim is to set forth the personality and the teachings of Jesus, as these are revealed by the searching examination that modern criticism has made of them. Jesus, in these chapters, is made to stand in the full sunshine of the present world. By a different method from Howard Pyle's, in his remarkable story, "Rejected of Men," the thoughts of Jesus are brought into our lives and tested by our standards, while in turn they test us by their own.

One does not look for minute critical detail in such an examination as the present one. It is a wonder, indeed, that the author is able to carry into his easy, flowing speech so much of the results of studious toil among books. Yet he is never lacking in clearness. One feels, however, that as a book his work would gain by some erasure of the marks of rhetorical pause and progression, which in facing an audience are necessary, but, to the reader's eye, are hindrances rather than helps.

The fact that Dr. Savage never for a moment forgets the Calvinistic quarry out of which he was hewn makes him an unrivaled interpreter of rational thought to those who are still in that "horror of great darkness." This book will have its best use, and it must be a very wide one, in showing those who know as yet no conception of Jesus save the "supernatural" one, how wholly winning a figure he is in his natural self, with the great words of the Spirit on his human lips, and the tender grace of those far-off Galilean days and nights, in which he loved man and saw God in his world, shining into our hurried and anxious time.

The breadth of Dr. Savage's range of illustration and allusion is notable. The riches of his learning in the science of religion, in history, in theology, and in current questions are all put at the service of the reader. One must know very much and have thought very wisely and well not to be surprised on these pages by new and striking points of view that become permanent possessions. Best of all is the sense that stays, when the book is laid aside, that the real Jesus was never more alive in the world than just now, when men of such talent and ability as Dr. Savage can find great audiences ready to hang upon their lips they can tell in all its human, yet divine, simplicity "that sweet story of old, when Jesus was here among men."

R. W. B.

Notes.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I am in receipt of a beautiful volume entitled "The Record of a Family," or a means of preserving interesting data in the lives of children, from birth to maturity. This is not a baby book, or a common family record. It is a good-sized volume in which we find an opportunity for genealogical records, a full record concerning each child, a record of the diet used, weight and growth, photographs, accidents, illnesses, physical growth, mental growth, school record, and everything else that can go to constitute a complete individual history. The importance of such a book is easily seen. Every one of us would be willing to pay a large sum for such a record of ourselves. The volume is handsomely gotten up, at the cost of $2.50.

———

From the same house I have Wimmer's "My Struggle for Light; or, Confessions of a Preacher." The easiest way to give you an insight into this book is to quote from one of his closing passages: "Will some means not be discovered to bring about a union between thought and religious feeling; some harmonizing influence that answers to the needs of the present day, and has power to awaken all noble souls, whether among the educated or the uneducated, to an energy that is clear-sighted and fervent?" The author hopes that something of this kind may occur. We are now in the midst of the strife of opposing views. Religion without goodness is a lie. The time has come when we must judge people by actions, and not by creed. Morality and religion must be brought into the right relation to each other. He is not a destructive in the way of wishing the churches swept out, but believes that through the churches we must work for the higher goal. Yet he does not fail to see that it is necessary for some to stand alone, losing the joy of fellowship rather than incur the guilt of intellectual insincerity. The book is a small one in size, but a large one in spirit. It is a good one for every minister to read.

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From the same house I have "A Political History of Slavery," by Wm. Henry Smith, and an introduction by Whitelaw Reid. This is a magnificent work, in two large volumes, and I think is one of the most invaluable books of the season. I have not yet read it carefully through, but I judge from what I have read that the author has shown ability to take a thoroughly national standpoint. He is a western man, and was made literary executor for President Hayes. At his death he left the manuscript well under way for a life of Mr. Hayes. Meanwhile this volume, which was nearly completed, is now issued. It will surprise no one to find New England less prominent, and the middle west more prominent, in events that closed up the great slavery question. It probably will surprise many to find that Mr. Lincoln proposed to give the ballot only to those blacks who could read or who had served as soldiers for the Union. Mr. Hayes carried the Ohio Congressional caucus for an educational qualification. However, Chase, Wilson and Sumner came out ahead and threw the ballot to the whole negro population. We may look for something well worth the while in the coming Life of Hayes. For close students of history are ready to attribute to Mr. Hayes qualities of statesmanship that were denied him during the bitter days of his Presidency. No man since the Civil War has shown more of the common sense of high statesmanship than Mr. Hayes. The real restoration of the Union and pacification of the South was his work. I can give no adequate review of the two volumes in my hand farther than to say that I value them as a most decided contribution both to history and to literature. Mr. Smith is not a worshiper of the tariff, neither is he a worshiper of the extremists. He can see where Stephen S. Foster and Wendell Phillips lost their heads, as well as where they contributed to the onflow of humane sentiment. My advice is that you do not miss these volumes.

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I have refrained heretofore from giving a strong commendation for "Country Life in America." There has been a strong tendency in this magazine to sacrifice quality of material to illustrations. The December number is certainly a great gain in the way of solid material—and no sacrifice in the way of superb illustrations. The only thing needed to make this magazine as useful for students of nature as for picture lovers is to give us articles from such authors as we find in this number—Chas. G. T. Roberts, Stuart Edward White, Grace King, and Thomas McAdam. No publication in Europe or America has given us anything comparable with this Christmas annual.

E. P. Powell

*Men and Women. By Minot J. Savage. Boston: American Unitarian Association. Pp. 179. 80 cents net.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE NATIONS' NEED OF SOUL-POWER.—In looking over quite a number of issues of *New India* and the *Indian Messenger*, it has been interesting to note the number, extent and variety of utterances called out by Sir Norman Lockyer's presidential address before the British Association last fall. *New India* is, as usual, aggressive and critical. An apparently editorial utterance under the caption, "Science and Self-Aggrandisement," taking as its text the eminent scientist's plea that Great Britain needs to apply to her universities the same rule she long since adopted for her navy, namely, that the British equipment should outrank that of any other two European powers combined, sharply contrasts with this demand for the development of British brains, the limitations imposed upon Indian ones, and emphasizes the commercialism of Sir Norman Lockyer's demand.

This article is in turn criticised in the next issue by "An Imperial Bengalee," who defends Sir Norman on scientific grounds: "As a man of science he could not possibly shut his eyes to the great fact that nature never works for personal, but always for universal ends. * * * Nature kills her own weaklings herself, and even religious men, who believe nature's ways to be God's own ways—can have no rational grounds to object to the natural extinction of the weaker races in the larger and universal interests of humanity."

A week later "An Old-school Hindu" takes up the theme and, declaring that he could neither fully understand the original address nor the defense of it by "an Imperial Bengalee," contrasts the ideals of East and West. "The two views of life are so diametrically opposed that it is almost impossible for us to understand each other. Negation of self has been the traditional ideal in India; self-assertion is, practically, the ideal in modern Europe. Our ideals of renunciation are regarded as imperfect and mediævalistic by them; while theirs of the so-called self-realization seem to us to be animalistic and materialistic. Their motto is, each one for himself and the devil take the beaten and the backward. Our motto is, no one for himself, but everyone for others, and God for him. We, too, in the highest sense of the term, believe in self-realization, but the self to us is not the discrete, the individualistic, the naturalistic and the animalistic self, but the Supreme self, in which and through which we are at one with all, and with God,—the All-of-all." After some concrete illustration of these differences in ideals, the "old school Hindu" concludes that he is wasting his breath since "the soul alone can understand the soul, and I am no Jupiter and neither is Sir Norman or your Imperial Bengalee, the traditional water-nymph, to receive a present of this precious article from me."

On the whole, then, the consensus of opinion in *New India* is against Sir Norman and the ideal he sets before his countrymen. *The Indian Messenger*, on the contrary, judging the utterance more nearly from Sir Norman's standpoint, commends it as far as it goes. "'We have not learned,' he said, 'that it is the duty of a state to organize its forces for peace as well as for war, that universities and other teaching centers are as important as battleships or big battalions.' There can be no doubt that this rebuke was just and timely. * * * Of course, Sir Norman had no difficulty in showing the relative superiority of brain power over physical power. He could even show that the old belief that trade follows flag no longer holds good. Trade does not follow the flag, but 'trade follows the brains,' he said.

"We heartily join with Sir Norman and his brother scientists in the war of brains versus sword. * * * But if the brain has been neglected the soul has been neglected in even a more culpable degree. It is time that religious men should awake and emphasize the importance of the nation's heart-power and soul-power, as Sir Norman did of the brain-power. The struggle between nations, whether modern or ancient, was never and can never be won by brains, still less by swords alone. It is not intellect separated from the heart and soul that can give any nation the massive power which will enable it to survive in the struggle for supremacy or existence. No, you cannot win in the race of nations with muscles and sinews, with guns and gunboats only; there must be the brain to manipulate and use them. But that is not the complete equipment. There must be courage and patience, which are outcome neither of the lusty muscle nor of the acute brain. There must be the power to lose the self for the good of others; there must be the tempered will, the curbed passions, the broad vision, the magnaminous spirit—in short, the loving heart and the large soul. That polity which looks to the body, the muscles and sinews of the nation, which relies on battleships and battalions, is short-sighted indeed; neither does it see far enough when behind sea power; it sees brain power alone and no further. There is a farther still; higher, stronger and surer than sea power and brain power is the soul power. It is not the brains alone that require greater and more careful nurture to-day; but the souls and the hearts of the people are in urgent need of greater attention. The nations should recognise the need of soul-power. The generations as they come up by turns must be taught the sciences to their greatest perfection. There must be schools and universities for the cultivation of the intellect. But they must also be trained to be manly, sober, magnanimous, God-fearing. The soul's area is unlimited; the latent energy which remains locked up in the mysterious region of the soul has never been properly recognized. What unbounded power is there in one saintly character! The world's greatest wonders were performed by the power of single souls. The power which rules the world is at the bottom neither of the muscle nor of the brain, but of the soul. A Plato and Aristotle and Bacon have contributed much to the progress of the world, but the master currents have always been those that flowed from the soul of a Jesus, a Mahomet, or a Luther. Inadequate as has been the world's recognition of brain power, still more ludicrously inadequate is its recognition of soul power."

M. E. H.

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